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Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

BRITISH PRINCESS'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

There has been the keenest disappointment in Royal circles that Princess Olga of Cumberland's betrothal to Prince Moritz of Schaumberg-Lippe has not been ratified. However, it is known that the betrothal was contemplated, as the Kaiser was keen upon the match, and everybody is wondering what happened at the last moment to cause its refusal. Our King George's consent would doubtless have been freely given, as otherwise the marriage would scarcely be contemplated, the lady being a Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, and in remainder to the British crown, although she is entirely unknown in these islands. Princess Olga is a very handsome girl, and the interest in her—there is none in the would-be *fiancé*—is largely due to the romances of which the Princess has been the subject. She was first engaged to be married to the German Crown Prince, although her father, the Duke of Cumberland, was at violent loggerheads with the Kaiser. However, Princess Olga will have a splendid *dot*, as her people are the richest members of the English Royal house.

* * *

Why the Imperial Engagement was Broken Off.

The Kaiser had been trying for years to patch up the quarrel with the *de jure* King of Hanover (the Duke of Cumberland) and the rapprochement got so far, owing to the German Crown Prince's affection for Princess Olga, that the Duke of Cumberland was at last prevailed upon to go to Berlin to shake hands with the Kaiser. When, however, the Duke got to Berlin his old-time resentment came back upon him so strongly that he could not go through with the reconciliation, and he left Berlin in a hurry, and refused to meet his enemy. The engagement was therefore broken off, and subsequently Princess Olga was reported to have been betrothed to the young Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, whose matrimonial aims are now so well-known in London. Not long after, Princess Olga's sister was married to the reigning Grand Duke of the other Mecklenburg state—that of Schwerin—and the Grand Duke's sister was soon married to the Kaiser's eldest son.

* * *

A Child Who May Bring Joy.

So all came right, and eventually the Kaiser and the Duke of Cumberland buried the hatchet under the marriage bonds of His Imperial Majesty's only daughter and Princess Olga's only brother, Prince Ernest of Cumberland. There is no doubt that the Kaiser was responsible for the effort to betroth Princess Olga, for the Schaumberg-Lippes have always been favourites of His Majesty, and the mother of Prince Moritz is the Kaiser's favourite sister. Had the marriage taken place the rapprochement between the Guelphs and Hohenzollerns would have been complete. The happy event will eventuate shortly, in any case, as the Emperor's daughter is already in an interesting condition, so the Kaiser and the British Duke with whom he was at enmity for forty years are shortly to become the grand-parents of the same child.

England's Premier Earl in the Law Courts.

The action by Viscount Ingestre (whose name is pronounced Innghestry, by the way) in order to get settled once and for all the question of his legitimacy, was a very necessary one, for there have been "whisperings" on the subject for thirty years past. The case, as presented, revives the romantic elopement of Lord Shrewsbury and Mrs. Mildmay Mundy, and the chase after the erring lady which the Countess's husband took over Europe with his brother-in-law, Mr. Palmer Morewood. As re-told the other day to Mr. Samuel Evans the romance was a very pretty one, which appeared to have ended—like the weddings of the princes and princesses in the story-books—in their "living happily ever afterwards!" Such was by no means the case, however. Lord Shrewsbury was undoubtedly violently in love with the rich Yorkshire colliery owner's wife at one time, but time cured him of the infatuation.

What did NOT transpire before Sir Samuel Evans was the fact that the Shrewsbury romance fizzled out while the child of the eloping couple was still an infant. Nearly twenty years ago Lord and Lady Shrewsbury gave up trying to live together, and parted under a mutual agreement. Lord Shrewsbury henceforth undertook to allow his wife the use of his splendid Staffordshire seat, Alton Towers, one of the most palatial and historic relics of mediæval England. She was to have four thousand pounds a year, and servants. In the year 1896 the Countess, with her daughter Lady Viola Talbot, left Ingestre Hall for ever, and took up her residence at Alton Towers. For a time she was allowed to enjoy herself as she pleased. At Alton Towers she entertained parties of friends, and generally had "a good time." But her grass-widowhood wasn't allowed to go untroubled.

* * *

A Rotten Time for Lady Shrewsbury.

The fact of the matter was, that Lord Shrewsbury was very much disappointed in the miserable results of his "romance," and his pride was hurt that any scandal should attach to his name and person after the sacrifice that he had voluntarily made in running away with another man's wife. The presence of his grass widow in Staffordshire at all (where his influence is great) was a source of perpetual mortification to him, and he did things which made Lady Shrewsbury's tenure of Alton Towers impossible. Her Ladyship had a villa at Biarritz, where she spent part of each year, and an apartment in Paris, and while she was gone Lord Shrewsbury used to instruct the servants at Alton Towers to leave the place in an almost uninhabitable condition, so that Lady Shrewsbury might jib at "roughing it" there any longer and leave the Towers for good. Her Ladyship refused to do so, however. She had her legal settlement on paper, and she took good care to keep his Lordship cognisant of its conditions. But between my Lord and her Ladyship there was the deuce to pay!

* * *

"And So the Poor Dog Got None."

When Lady Shrewsbury returned from Biarritz in [illegible] she was prepared for trouble. And she got it! When [illegible] hired vehicle drove up to the Towers her Ladyship alighted and banged at the door. A servant opened it, but told [illegible] Ladyship the place was "not available," and slammed the door in her face! Lady Shrewsbury wasn't going to be done out of her own (legally donated) property, however; so she went round to the back door, threw up a window, shoved Lady Viola through it, and awaited her daughter's opening of the "state entrance." When this was done, the Countess, with her nose in the air, sailed into the Towers and took possession!

But her Ladyship had a rotten time for all that! The plate was carefully locked up, also the linen; the larder smoked; and there wasn't a crumb in the place. Between Lady Shrewsbury and her daughter could have a meal, Lady Viola had to go into the garden and dig up the spuds herself, what time her ma prowled round for a knife to peel them with! And finding a knife was difficult work, for every bally chopstick had been locked, bolted, and barred from use by her Ladyship! Nor was this any accidental occurrence!

* * *

The Countess Again Shoves Lady Viola Through the Back Window.

Lord Shrewsbury had succeeded in making Alton Towers a purgatory instead of a home to his wife. So, after a time her Ladyship left the place in sheer despair and returned to her apartment in Paris. By this time the solicitors were hard at work trying to get things ship-shape between the Shrewsbury couple, but they didn't succeed. A year went by. June, 1903, came round. Lady Shrewsbury's stay [illegible]

Riviera was ended; and she returned to England. Again looked for trouble—and got it! As badly as ever! When drove up to Alton Towers the door was again banged in face, and once again the old trick of shoving Lady through a back window to gain an entrance was ed to. But this time Lord Shrewsbury had done his work to a nicety! Not content with locking up the and forks he had allowed the place to go to rack ruin to such an extent that the rain came through the room roof as her Ladyship sat down to eat; the garden were overgrown; and there was only one set of double sheets in the house. Lady Shrewsbury and her daughter departed, and another series of six-and-eightpences went pettifoggers, with the same result as before.

* * *

e in Sorrow than in Anger!

owever, something serious had to be done; and a for- circumstance followed, in the arrival at his majority d and Lady Shrewsbury's son and heir, Lord Ingestre. tremendous amount of junketting had got to be indulged account of the majority of a youngster who will one the Premier Earl of England and Ireland, it was abso- impossible that the event could pass without a con- ion between the young Viscount's father and mother. meeting was arranged. It took place at Euston. There no pretence at any calf-love between the angry Earl his unhappy spouse. Lord Shrewsbury told her Lady raight that he wanted Alton Towers himself; in any he didn't want *her* to stop in Staffordshire any longer! meeting didn't result as it ought to have done, in both adjourning to the nearest hotel lounge to shake and make it up! Nor has Time had the usual soften- ect upon the noble pair! Lord Shrewsbury and his ed to be in the motor-car business under the name of et Fils," and may be now, for aught we know.

* * *

Barmaid to Peeress.

propos of the statement that Lady de Freyne once served the bar of a London hotel, the *Daily Chronicle* ks that she is not the first follower of that occupation in exalted rank, and quotes the case of Lady Clarendon it avers, of the famous Earl who wrote "The History of the Rebellion" while in exile and later became Lord Chancellor), who as a poor girl journeyed to London to seek her fortune. Our contemporary says she became servant to a rich brewer, that on his death her master left her £20,000, and then the earl, at that time plain Mr. Hyde, a penniless barrister, led her to the altar. But this is a garbled account of the facts.

The young girl, Anne Grafton by name, on her way to London to seek her fortune in service, rested at a Chelsea inn, the landlord of which offered her a place in his household. Anne accepted, and being pretty and prudent, she attracted the notice of the rich brewer who supplied the inn with ales, and before long was his bride. An old man's darling, Anne must have proved worthy of love and trust, for on the brewer's death not long afterwards all his fortune was left to his beloved wife. Then followed a second marriage—this time to Sir Thomas Aylesbury, a rich landowner, and this union gave the erstwhile servingmaid at the inn a substantial position in society. Sir Thomas became Master of Requests and of the Mint, and his wife mixed in the very best circles in London. Her pretty daughter, Frances Aylesbury, made the match with Edward Hyde, a young barrister of Lincoln's Inn, nephew of the eminent Sir Nicholas Hyde, and a rising man in his profession. Anne Grafton was Hyde's mother-in-law, not his wife, and of course she was never Lady Clarendon.

* * *

"A Little Knowledge."

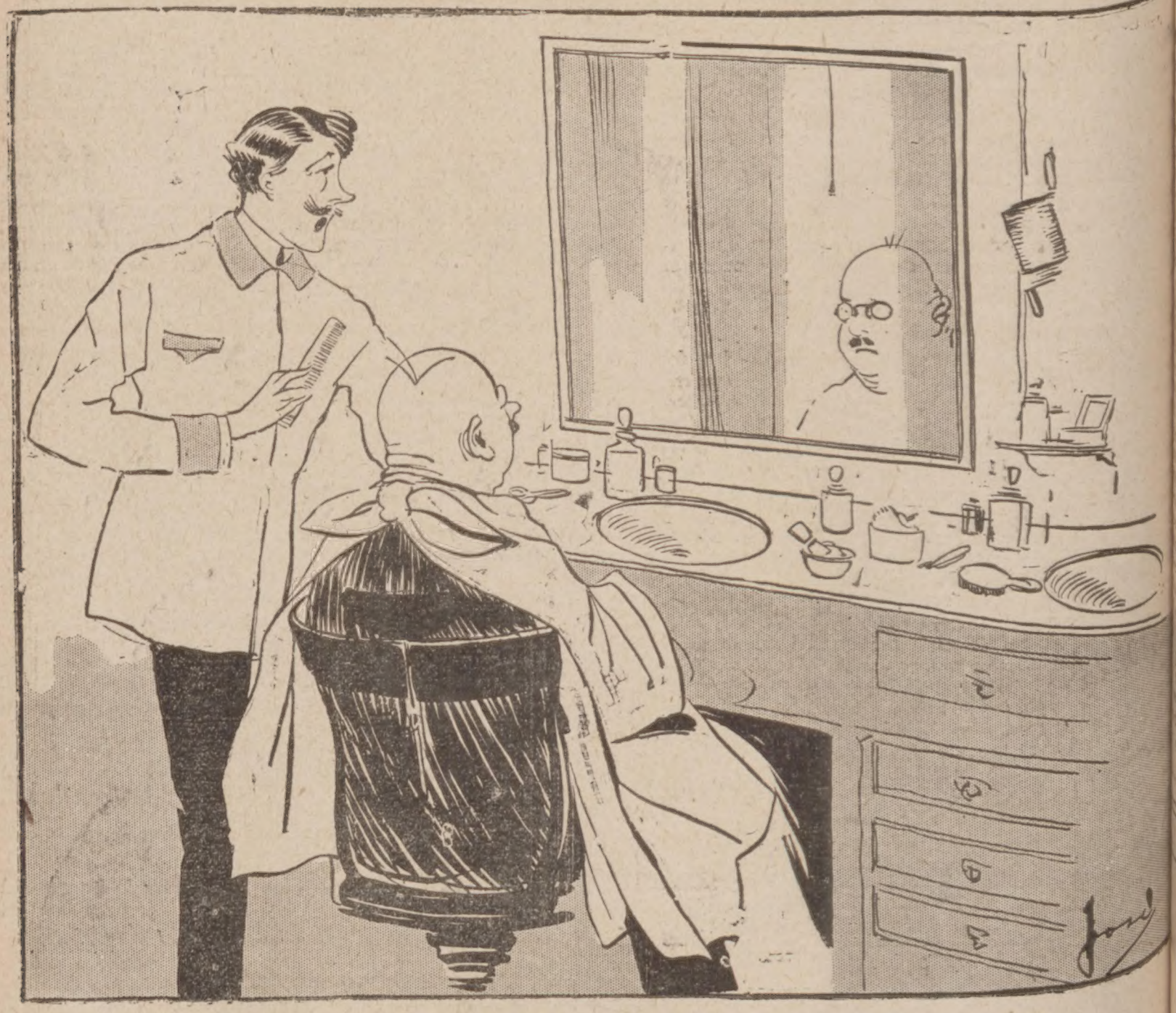
The *Chronicle* further adds that the eldest daughter of the country girl became the wife of James II., and two grandchildren of the barmaid—Queen Mary (William III.'s Consort) and Queen Anne—wore in succession the crown of England. But this, too, is inaccurate. The two queens were great-grand-daughters of Anne Grafton, and her granddaughter was that Lady Anne Hyde who was wooed and married by James Duke of York, heir presumptive to his brother Charles II. A little knowledge, it is said, is dangerous, and this is an apt illustration of the old adage.

* * *

An Important Baby.

The son just born to Lord and Lady Kerry is an arrival of great importance, being second heir to his grandfather,

"Dick Swift is going to celebrate his golden wedding next week."
"Nonsense! He can't be so old."
"He isn't, but he's going to marry an heiress."



RULE OF THREE.

The Barber: "And how will you have your hair done, sir?"
The Victim: "Oh, part it in the middle!"

the Marquis of Lansdowne, and large family estates in the South-West of Ireland and Wiltshire, in which county is the chief family seat, Bowood, a palatial abode built by the brothers Adam, but not well known generally, for it has never been a show house in the sense of the word, its noble owners keeping it for their own delectation. Once Bowood was a royal chase, and the park contains some magnificent timber. Lord Lansdowne's Irish estates in Kerry (the history of evictions on which is terrible reading) are not the extensive lands formerly owned by his family. They came to him through the marriage of his ancestor, the first Earl of Kerry, to the heiress daughter of that remarkable personage, Sir William Petty, a man of very humble birth (his father is reputed to have been a tailor at Romsey) who acquired an enormous fortune out of the survey of Ireland, work which he shared with a friend, Thomas Taylour, founder of the family represented by the Marquis of Headfort. The Leader of the Opposition in the Lords has also extensive properties in Scotland, but these will not follow the titles, the heir to them being Lord Lansdowne's second son, Lord Charles FitzMaurice, a member of His Majesty's entourage.

* * *

A Charming Peeress.

Lady Kerry was married in 1904, but her first child—a girl—was born last year. She is one of the prettiest of future Marchionesses, charming and accomplished, and very unlike the modern athletic type of young woman. Lady Kerry is slender and graceful, with fair clear complexion, and dark hair and eyes. She is the only daughter of Sir Thomas Hope, a former Registrar of the Privy Council, and one of the Hopes of Luffness, who are related to Lord Linlithgow. Her marriage to the future Marquis was the outcome of an old friendship between their parents. Lord Lansdowne and Sir Edward Hope were at Eton together, and their have been warm friends for many years.

* * *

Curious Domestic Arrangements at the Quee the South.

Brighton is a town of many happenings, some ex ingly strange, and domestic peace and bliss are some curiously weighed in the balance and found wanting story comes to hand of a well-known Major who in circles and at one of the popular clubs was voted "a fellow," and never refused a drink or minded standing He has startled his friends by settling his matrim affairs in a rather unusual way. Evidently never a able candidate for monogamy, he grew weary of it, and a well-known gentleman of biblical fame, he desired another man's wife but her handmaiden. Notwithst the partner of his joys and sorrows being devotion itself fell a victim to this charmer. For a time all went well the love affair prospered, but one day by the merest ch his *affaire du cœur* was discovered, and weeping and g ing of teeth followed. There were words and trouble he and his wife finally resolved to separate. The spread the story of his perfidy far and wide, the taking refuge beneath his mother's wing and leaving only child of the marriage as the one consolation. A ently there was peace, and the beauteous handmaiden disappeared. At length his mother found it necessa have some sort of a companion as her years were advan and forthwith the Major set himself to work to find a suit person for the position. After some time he succeeded everyone seemed satisfied. Then again, by the chance it was discovered by the wife and other dear fri that the mother's companion was none other than the teous handmaiden! And now the Major wonders why s seems to be always looking the other way. The club reported, finds the subject a most interesting one.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

otorist's Privilege.

s to be becoming the accepted maxim with our law- at every motorist has the right to take one human the same principle that every dog is entitled to A particularly flagrant case of the latitude extended oprietor of a motor-car is reported from Manchester, oner, Mr. A. E. Gibson, held on Monday an enquiry death of a tramcar driver who was run over and a motor-car on a suburban road. The owner of the Thomas Vincent Ruddin, a wholesale provision went for a joy ride with a friend and two girls, and urse of the evening assimilated five whiskies and one glass of beer. Returning home, after leaving at midnight, he overtook the tram-driver, who was me on a bicycle after his hours of duty were over. t was on his right side of the road—a broad high- n suddenly, without any warning, the motor-car nto him and knocked him down. He died from ies received—and the coroner's jury brought in inary verdict of accidental death, adding, however, adictory rider that greater care might have been by the driver of the car. All this, however, is so ventional that it would scarcely be worth mention- pt for the curious remarks of the Coroner. He jury that there was nothing to lead anybody to t Ruddin was not perfectly fit for driving a motor- dilated upon the difficulty of seeing a cyclist from and stated that "it was really asking the motorists recautions that were not reasonable"—precautions, o say, that might be necessary to avoid killing a ho was riding on his right side of the road and was with a lamp such as is required by law. It is a doctrine.

Suffragettes and Indecent Literature.

At the last weekly meeting of the Women's Social and Political Union Mrs. Dacre Fox, who presided, appealed for more helpers to sell *The Suffragette*, and suggested that the Royal wedding would offer a good opportunity for such work. It is certainly quite evident that the W.S.P.U. are in dire straits to sell copies of their publication, for we had one thrust at us on Tuesday in Fleet Street by a quite engaging young lady, with the remark: "*Do* buy a copy of *The Suffragette* containing Miss Pankhurst's indecent article." The indecent article, or series of articles, is apparently introduced as a catchpenny in the hope, presumably, that converts to the cause will be gained by reading the highly coloured accounts of "Revolution" (in star headlines) with which the paper is otherwise filled. It seems a rather low-down way of doing things for a society which has the monopoly of all the human virtues. The copy we purchased from the young lady, by the way, has an illustration on the front cover of Miss Annie Kenney, wearing a broad self-satisfied grin and evidently thoroughly enjoying herself, being gently escorted by two police officers who have each hold of one of her wrists. Below, in large letters is—"The Brutal Arrest of Miss Annie Kenney."

* * *

"The Charge of Indecency."

On the fifth page of the issue is an article with the above heading, by Christabel Pankhurst, in which she replies to the strictures made by various newspapers, including *The Times*, upon the series of articles on sexual diseases which have lately been "featured" in *The Suffragette*. Her object, apparently, is to taunt the Government into prosecuting the journal for indecency, though she defends it against such a charge and declares that if found guilty "then equally guilty of this offence are the famous medical men who have incited us to plain speaking"—a position which she, with true feminine inconsistency, promptly proceeds to demolish by

"You will be poor till you are forty-five."
"And then ——?"
"You will have got used to it."

Father: "Were you fighting again with that boy next door?"
Son: "Yes, he had the cheek to say I was like you."

admitting that *The Suffragette* "had actually begun its work of enlightenment before the doctors' memorial was issued."

We do not propose to deal with this nauseating subject, which is no more fit for our columns than for those of *The Suffragette*. But we wish to draw attention to this latest phase of the sex war—for the Pankhurst campaign seems to have now degenerated into mere sex war, and to have abandoned the broader issues of woman suffrage which would appeal to men with a love of abstract justice. Miss Pankhurst's attitude appears to be that the feminine sex are the victims of dastard males who communicate to them all the diseases that feminine flesh has ever suffered from—"We have told women that the ailments once supposed to be peculiar to womanhood are in the overwhelming majority of cases due to disease inherited from diseased parents or communicated to them by a diseased husband." What *can* you do with a woman who makes such wild statements as that? And how can "the cause" possibly be benefited by such palpably one-sided playing with an unsavoury subject? No doubt the hysterical spinsters who form the majority of Miss Pankhurst's readers will believe every word of it, and be thereby confirmed in their belief that man is a monster. Thus Miss Pankhurst is preaching to the already converted, except in so far as the outside public may be led to purchase the journal which is being freely hawked about as indecent literature. But it seems a pitiful method of advocating a great cause.

* * *

Honours for the Mercantile Marine.

On a previous occasion we drew attention to the singular fact that although we are a maritime nation and pride ourselves especially upon the superiority of our mercantile marine it is very rare indeed—we cannot recall a solitary instance at the moment—that a representative, a nautical representative, of our merchant fleet ever figures in the King's lists of honours. Titled shipowners we have galore, and officers of the King's Navee do not lack for handles before or after their names. But the captain of a merchant ship—never, or hardly ever. All sorts of stodgy manufacturers and elusive City financiers, whose sole recommendation is that they have contributed to party funds, seem to find their way with little difficulty on to the Honours List. But can it truthfully be said that the services they perform, the enterprises they control, or the benefits they confer upon the public at large, are in any way more important or call for the exercise of greater judgment or ability than the task which falls to the lot of the commander of one of the great liners who is responsible for the lives and well-being of the inhabitants of a floating town over which he reigns like an autocrat for a brief space. We think His Majesty might establish a wise precedent and wipe out a lasting reproach by conferring some decoration upon Captain Barr, of the Carmania. In honouring him the King would not only recognise personal merit, but he would also add still more dignity to a great and ill-paid calling, of which we are all intensely proud.

More Sloppy Sentimentality.

We seem to be getting further and fu
away from the "good old days" when
maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the c
was lived up to by parents as a matter of co
What would our grandfathers and grandmo
think of the maudlin sentimentality which
revealed at last Wednesday's meeting of
L.C.C. Education Committee, we wonder.
we have a number of silly, though doub
well-meaning, individuals (of the sterner
too) talking all sorts of claptrap about
enormity of punishing naughty children
dustrial schools by depriving them of
"trimmings" to their meals and putting
on a punishment diet of bread and water.
or two members waxed quite hysterical a
this horrible cruelty, but we imagine all
talk was uttered with a judicious eye upon
horny-handed voter, who will probably laug
them for their pains. Seeing that the sch
authorities are not allowed to administer
poral punishment or solitary confinement to
calcitrant children this ridiculous outburst of
sentimentalists seems entirely out of pl
Children of the middle and upper classes
punished for their naughtiness, and suffer
harm. Why should those in an industrial sc
be exempt? In any case the bread-and-w
treatment was only applied in extreme ca
and only for one meal. We advise the tend
hearted Councillors not to make such idiots of themselv
in future. They won't gain a solitary vote, or a
grain of sympathy from sensible people, for such ridicu
nonsense.

* * *

More Eugenic Folly.

The Bolce eugenic baby advertising stunt seems to
about played out, and the cranks of this particular "scien
will doubtless now turn their attention to the other side
the Atlantic where, we are told, a remarkable experim
will shortly take place. A young man and woman who
chosen by a New York jury of doctors and married with
and joined in wedlock. Then the jury will sit down
watch "the eugenic sequel." No doubt this farce will
carried through, for £100 are to be given to the bride
groom at the wedding and another £100 when the first ba
is born—and there are lots of people in this world who will
get married half a dozen times over for £200. Whoop
mention that the committee includes Mrs. W. K. Vanderb
and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont you will quickly arrive at
conclusion that the whole scheme is devised to obtain
little cheap notoriety for a few women who will *not* be
out of the limelight. Frankly, this eugenic nonsense mak
us tired. A baby brought into the world in such circu
stances is no more likely to be healthy, wealthy and wise
than the offspring of a slum dweller—if only that offspring
is given a fair chance. The much-derided maternity benefit
provided under the Insurance Act will do, and is doing,
thousand times more benefit to the British race than
thousand fancy and much-advertised experiments of baby
Bolce or Belmont type. The very great majority of babies,
even slum babies, are born perfectly healthy and would
remain healthy if properly fed and tended. Furthermore,
has yet to be proved that either disease or good health in
the parents is necessarily transmissible to the children,
say nothing of the mental qualities. Of course we do not
mean to infer that the child of weakly parents is so likely
to be strong and healthy as that of a physically perfect
couple. But the fact remains that it often is. It is also the
undoubted fact that the environment of early life has a
greater effect upon a child's health and character than any
thing that can possibly happen before its birth. All children
—or almost all—are born potentially healthy, and most are
potentially intelligent. The trouble is to keep them so.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

**Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of co
drawings which have appeared in this journal, we
necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures
may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the sou
which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in *M
Life* are original and drawn specially for this paper. Co
who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so a
peril.**

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

id Mr. Hall Caine enjoy the publicity which the heated
le with a taxi-cab driver drew upon him outside the
erion Restaurant, and might he not easily escape a repe-
n of the unpleasantness by adopting a less conspicuous
od of dressing and doing his hair?

* * *

r. Byron Chandler, of U.S.A., made rather a fool of him-
at Folkestone the other day. Of course, it's quite all
to hide your puppies or your sausages, or anything else
ancy, under your
oat," but it's
ssary to be very
y on your pins.
was that on land-
r. Chandler was
ing the Customs
er with that easy
er that is adopted
ose who see stars
stripes. Whether
unconcernedly com-
ed a tango his-
does not record;
at any rate, he
d, and a Japan-
og emerged from
his coat.
pounds and
chirped the
beaks when our
befriender was
before them
day. He seemed
nk that we did
of revenge for
erie.

*

certain rector,
g himself in the
train, pulled
communication
the other day.
a case of ab-
mind or pres-
spirit, we won-

*

would be inter-
to know which
ents concerning
de Freyne were
ect as stated by
olicitors. The
ulars of her
which appeared
Daily Mirror
tember 30th and
er 1st were sub-
lly reliable, and
face of this it
strange for a
of high standing
they were in-

*

o is the aristocrat known in naval circles as "The
er of the Harem"? And who was the lady who sent
letter the other day on the envelope of which "K.H."
ed very boldly?

* * *

Paul Poiret, "the famous Paris dressmaker," is a
and a mystery. Whether he wants to do men's tailors
turn or whether he's got a grudge against lace manu-
rs, goodness only knows. At any rate, with all the
uence that he can command, he has announced that
e will be no great outcry when the first trousered woman
herself in the streets of an American city. That may
so. If he and the other arbiters of women's dress
make women look like the cast-offs from some Turk's
they may do, so far as we are concerned. But Eng-
women will never adopt this fashion. Such an atrocity
be reserved for the inhabitants of the most prurient
blic in the world.

Will the good-looking man with his ears pierced, who is so frequently seen in the West End wearing a variety of particularly long and attractive earrings, gain many adherents to the fashion he is so eager to set?

* * *

Why does the mother of a certain professional singer provide her chauffeur with a pair of mauve silk pyjamas regularly once every three months?

* * *

Mistress: "I *am* surprised, Susan!"

New Maid (unabashed): "Well, what should I say, who thought Madam was out for the day."

A few days ago a certain well-known gentleman entered an hotel at Oxford and engaged a room, adding, "If my wife calls, don't say I'm here." Then, as things will be cussed sometimes, just a few hours later a car drew up and the wife in question entered the hall looking radiant. She approached the office. "I want a room," she said, "and if my husband calls—you know my husband, don't you?—well, don't mention anything about me!? Evidently marriage up-to-date.

* *

Who was the "Society" lady who went to a somewhat rapid class of dance, and before the evening was over stood on her head in the middle of the ball-room? Is she now quite anxious to know how much the men know? Moral: Keep your *head* if other things are missing.

* *

The brilliant new banners of the Knights of the Bath over their stalls in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey are being adversely criticised. They reproduce the best age of English heraldry, but the banners themselves are crude and unfinished, the work in them being below the standard it should reach.

* *

The banners were approved by a committee, but their making should have been entrusted to an art needlework establishment, where only the best of work is turned out. Instead, a big firm of universal providers had the order, and the banners were supplied at a price considerably below what should have been paid, this being at the expense of finish. * * *

Next time you go down to West Hartlepool avoid Major Martin, the Mayor. He's a wit, you see, and when you go down to his salubrious town it is to imbibe the air richly endowed with iron, not to burst your buttons. The Major must, however, learn that the police-court is not the place for political jokes. Said this beak to a man the other day, "The next time you gamble you had better gamble in Marconis and then the police won't interfere with you." Of course, this is frightfully funny, but Martin is there to do justice, *not* to make political quips. He can't help hurting the feelings of the poor wretches who come before him, but there's no need to upset local Liberals.

BARNEY BRANAGAN'S BREECHES.

A STORY OF THE ULSTER CAMPAIGN.

Two naked gas-jets in the tap-room of the Orange Arms, Union Lane, Belfast, shed a dim light upon two men—a light sufficing, however, to show that they were razorless of the soil. Equally obvious was the fact that the bottle on the table at which they sat vis-à-vis was empty.

"Well, now, it's a quare thing that yer should have bought thim breeches of mine from Tim Malone," said one, as he tenderly shaved a bit of compressed tobacco. "Phwat did yer buy 'em fur, Patsy?"

"It was like this, Barney. There's plenty of good lither in 'em yet, and Tim Malone he sez, 'Now, Patsy, here fur a shillun' is as much maytariul as'll mind all the childer's brogues fur many a day to come.' An' I closed wid 'im."

"Did he say phwat he giv Bridgut for 'em?"

"Yes. Divil a ha'porth more than fourpince. He made no saycrit of ut."

"Oh, the bloodsucker. An' he to refuse a helpin' hand to the Cause. I asked him for a subscription to the honour and glory uv th' Union, an' he shuk his head. An' mind ye, Pat, I'd got a throat like a pincushion full uv pins. Not a farden wud he giv."

"Phwat was his rayson?"

"Begorra, he had as many raysons as there's bones in a pig's fut."

Barney looked at the empty bottle contemplatively. Suddenly he laughed.

"Hist, Pat! I've got an idee. Let me thry to penethrate the dirt in yer big ear."

He posed himself across the table, and clutched the lobe section of Mr. Patrick Connor's near-side aural flapper. His idea took some time in the telling, but the narration was punctuated by chuckles and eye-twinkles.

"Good fur yez, Barney," said Patsy. "He'll be mad at sindin' yer away widout a thrifle to take the taste of the wather out of yer mouth."

"Yer'll 'ave 'im down in double-quick time to-morrow. Foller my insthructions, and I'll not disremember it. Ye shall 'ave th' contract fur th' whitewashun' uv th' grand new barracks of the Ulsther Arrmy—as soon as they're built. I'll go home, and get that fourpence."

The two men left the room, and parted at the door of the inn.

"Now, Bridgut! Stand at ease! Attention! Eyes right—if yer can manage ut! You can't. The left optic is wand'rin' round to inspect the bile on the back of yer neck. But I forgiven. Phwat 'ave yer done with my lither breeches had a pair uv patches in the rear uv 'em?"

Bridget Branagan put her arms akimbo and surveyed lord and master with an air of mingled defiance and tempt. To blazes wid 'im—a paltry corporil he'd been here he was with a pinshun hardly more than enou buy the twist he smoked.

"Yer a drill sargint now in Ned Carson's army, are an officer in th' Prervishunal Government? Little vishuns do yer bring home. Well, ye're not frightenin omadhuns who's goin' to play up the very divil wid th uv Oireland. An' you that first howled fur yer food in nemara. Yer talkin' to yer lawfully-begotten wife, moind? Where's the breeches? Hivin knows. I sowl to-day to Tim Malone, an' the dirty thafe would only fourpence fur 'em, bad cess to 'im. What good wu ould things be at all?"

"Whist, wumman! Under th' top patch was a twinty note that th' Paymaster-Giniral gave me to relave th' sities of th' out-o'-wurrk bhoys under my command. goin' to lay out some uv ut in soap fur iv'ry mother's s thim. Begorra, they want a wash! Thin there was shawl fer yes, Bridgut. Now I'm ruint intoirely. But hand me over that fourpince?"

"There's tuppince uv ut. I mane 'avin that shawl."

The next morning Bridget Branagan presented hers the establishment of Mr. Timothy Malone, general deal

"An phwat will I be doin' fur yez so early, Mistriss agan?"

"Och, Timothy, man, let me 'ave the lither breeches Barney's swearin' away his sowl because ye've got 'em.

"I can't plaze yez, Mistriss Branagan. The breeches gone."

"Where are they? Tell me, for th' love uv Hivin."

Tim screwed up his face until it resembled a prize-wi crab-apple.

"I can't remimber. 'Twas a sthranger."

"Och, wirra, wirra," Bridget wailed, as she buried he head in her check apron. "An' there wuz a twenty-pun consaled in one uv th' patches on th' seat uv 'em."

Tim watched her down the street until she turned corner. Then he scudded in an opposite direction.

"Patsy Connor bought 'em to mind th' bhoys' brog he soliloquised. "I'll 'ave 'em if they cost me two shill

Patsy at first intimated that he had conceived a affection for the breeches, and that he intended to them stuffed as an ornament for the parlour. Tim incr his offer to ten shillings.

Then Connor looked as honest as he could.

"See here, Mr. Malone," he said, "I'll be straight yez. I've found out somethin'. Thim unmintionables wurrth a lot o' money as curiosities an' wurrks of ains art. King Billy wore 'em at the Battle uv th' Boyne than two hundred years ago. There's his Rile Highn monogrammaphone on the right side uv th' left patch little chap from the Musayum saw 'em in my windy offered me four pounds to take thim away wid 'im.

"Well," said Tim, as his upper lip lengthened an or two, "that bates Banagher! I wanted 'em to pra thim to the Musayum. Here's foive suvrins."

Patsy's eyes beamed with admiration. "Ye're a noble Mr. Malone, to study th' inthirists of yer fellow cray like that. You shall 'ave 'em. I'll make 'em up into a parcel and tie it up strong so's yer can sind thim slap aw

And in spite of Tim's protest against so much trou he did.

That night two naked gas-jets in the tap-room of Orange Arms, Union Lane, Belfast, shed a dim light t two men—a light sufficing to show that there was an ab ance of spirit on the table and a full flow of spirit in demeanour of Barney Branagan and Patsy Connor. Bri regarded her husband with pride. Her shoulders were swa in a new shawl, on the colour of which, for policy's s she had compromised in a combination of Carsonian ye and the emerald green of Erin.

At Tim Malone's establishment a wizen-faced old looked sadly at the mutilated corpse of a leather ne garment.

HAL VICKE

Artist: "You'll pardon me, but would you mind posing for me?"
Old Salt: "'Ere, wot d'ye take me for—one o' them Russian Dancers?"

A thing of beauty may be a jaw for ever.

* * *

Some men are dumb because their wives never give them a chance.

* * *

Occasionally a widow's heart is warmed over by an old flame.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

nk (sighing): Ah, if you only gave me the least hope,
y: Gracious! I've been giving you the least I ever to any man.

* * *

Yes," said the shopkeeper, "I want a good, bright boy, partly indoors and partly outdoors."
"That's all right," said the applicant; "but what becomes when the door slams?"

* * *

ACME OF SWIFTNESS.

cher: What is velocity, Johnny?
nny: Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a wasp with.

* * *

sic Teacher: Madam, I came to teach your daughter to sing.
dam: How's that? I did not send for you.
sic Teacher: No! But your neighbours did!

* * *

"UP THE RHINE."

Robinson: And were you up the Rhine?
De Jones: I should think so; right to the very top. a splendid view there is from the summit!

* * *

BOIL IT DOWN.

ber (beginning the haircut): Have you heard the story the guy that—(resuming business)—want it short, sir?
tioner (a tired editor): Yes; a mere synopsis will do!—

* * *

ncial host to visitor who has out-stayed his welcome: I don't wish you to think we want to hurry you, old but when shall we be seeing you again?

* * *

A ROMANTIC POINT.

r eyes are my only books," said the poet.
e-books are not interesting reading, generally," she d softly. And he—well, he was glad her mamma llen asleep.

* * *

TOO SOON TO WORRY.

Sears: Papa thinks I am too much of a child to
Knox: Pshaw! You won't be childish for some years

Sportsman: "I never could kill anything with my gun, so nowadays I fish for rabbits with a cabbage leaf.
—Journal Amusant

When a man calls his wife "dear" in public it sounds like an insinuation.

* *

Some women are so self-conscieus that they trouble every time anybody happens to mention art.

* *

Many a timid girl courts death by making love to a rich old codger who has one foot already in the grave.

* *

Some women are self-made, but most of them are re-modelled by dress-makers.

* *

NO HURRY.

Anxious Mistress: "Jane, have you given the fish any fresh water lately?"
Jane: "No, mum. They haven't drank the water I gave them last month yet!"—*Puck.*

NO FACILITIES.

"They say that Cupid strikes the match that sets the world aglow. But where does Cupid strike the match—that's what I'd like to know."

* * *

ECONOMY.

Hub: Have you done what I asked and saved some money this month?
Wife: Yes, dear. I spoke to the grocer and he's promised not to send in his bill till next month.

* * *

It is better for a girl to be given in marriage than it is for a man to be sold.

* * *

FORCED TO BEG.

Mrs. Dogood: You say you are unable to work for a living? Have you a wife?
Tired Tatters: Lady, I'll leave it ter yerself. How kin yer expect a feller ter git married dat wears sich clothes ez dese?

* * *

COMMON GARDEN VARIETY.

He: Tell me, do you prefer men of great reputation, or do you rather like the commonplace fellows?
She: To speak frankly, I like the commonplace men best; particularly at a party like this; but you must not think I said so just for the sake of saying something complimentary to you!
He fainted.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

* * *

FASHION'S LIMIT.

"She must dress in all the latest styles."
"What makes you think so?"
"I just overheard her telling a friend that she hasn't a thing fit to wear."—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

THE MARKET-MAN.

I think living's getting cheaper. F'r instance, two years ago them eggs would have cost you fifty per cent. more.
The Customer: Two years ago, when these eggs were fresh, they would have been worth more.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

* * *

THE PLACE FOR THEM.

Wife: Henry, you need a rest. Let us go to Bongtong Springs.
Hub: That place! Why, it's only fit for women and fools.
Wife: I know it. Let's go there together.—*Boston Transcript*

* * *

"Speaking of débutantes, did you see Miss Smythe coming out?"
"No; by the time I got there they had her fastened in with a couple of shoulder-straps."—*Boston Globe.*

* * *

NOT PENNY WISE.

Rebecca: I don't pelieve you lofe me. You never think of anything but tollars.
Silverstein (appealingly): Vould you vant a man dot vas all der time chanching his mindt?—*Puck.*

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

If King Manoel is the only husband at present bemoaning the interruption of his honeymoon, and if a certain English peer who left for the Continent with his "blushing bride" less than three months ago has already run through his allotted span of matrimonial bliss?

* * *

What has come over Lord Howard de Walden during the past few months, and if his sudden reclusive habits are due to the arrival of "the twins"?

* * *

Whether the Chinese gardener who has just been successful in producing an odourless onion may be said to have removed one more obstruction from the path of true love?

* *

Whether Lady Dorothy Howard's sobriquet of "The China Girl" really owes its origin to the wonderful transparency of her complexion, and if there is not still another interpretation?

* *

The name of the pretty society flapper who has lately taken to wearing a fine blood-stone signet ring, once the valued possession of her father, and by what dreadful threat she has succeeded in obtaining possession of it?

* *

Whether the universal "Spring Clean" to which the windows of Scotland Yard have recently been subjected will have the effect of throwing a better light upon several mysteries that still remain unsolved?

* *

The name of the American hostess who expressed her intention of giving a "milk-maid's dance" early in the season. If she really intends to have her fine ball-room converted into a village scene for the occasion, and if the affair will be opened by a number of rustic dances performed by village maidens carrying pails and yokels garbed in smocks and shapeless felt hats!

* * *

Whether brown and grey suede shoes for men are now *le dernier cri*?

* * *

Whether an indiscreet pawnbroker has just "let the cat out of the bag" concerning a certain family of Americans who, it appears, are in the habit of hiring a number of rare family portraits for special occasions, "just to give the correct blue blood atmosphere to the place"?

* * *

Who are the enthusiastic Gaiety girls who have threatened to carry the "Guv'nor" off bodily should his doctor refuse him permission to attend the O.P. dinner on the 26th?

* * *

Whether the new play by Mr. Eden Philpotts entitled "The Shadow" is rather "thin"?

* * *

Whether there are not a number of people who consider that the psychological moment for the appearance of the much-talked-of book of reminiscences by Mrs. Langtry is now past?

* * *

The name of the Society lady who gave a "Tango" party to which only three men turned up?

* * *

Whether the advice of the medical authority who says that we ought always to "lie on the right side" is entirely superfluous where lawyers are concerned?

* * *

If the brother of a famous musical comedy artist and picture postcard beauty is to become the manager of another new night club, and if the establishment will cater exclusively for theatrical folk?

* * *

If the New York woman who complains that her husband sold her for two shillings ought not to be thankful that he did not give her away?

* *

If the successful author, Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, has not landed himself into a rather tight "hole" over the coincidence of the name of one his characters with that of a person actually living? And what "Mr. Alfred Burton," who is under the impression that he has been seriously slandered, will do in the matter?

* *

Whether the latest test of sobriety is a correct pronunciation of "Deflocculated Acheson-Graphite"?

* *

Why people are making such a fuss about Weedon Grossmith's new eugenic play?

* *

The identity of the lady who visited the Hippodrome the other evening wearing a hat decorated with a most aggressive feather, and if the distinguished critic who sat behind her experienced much discomfort in refraining from sneezing?

* *

Whether the Yankee yacht being built for the American cup race is being constructed of bronze for the purpose of putting the men on their metal?

* *

The identity of the American youth who has been writing letters to the Countess of Warwick suggesting "a plan by which members of the English nobility could earn liberal recompense through the introduction of wealthy Americans to persons of rank," and if he realises the insulting nature of his proposal?

* *

If the present may be described as the décollet-age where women are concerned?

* *

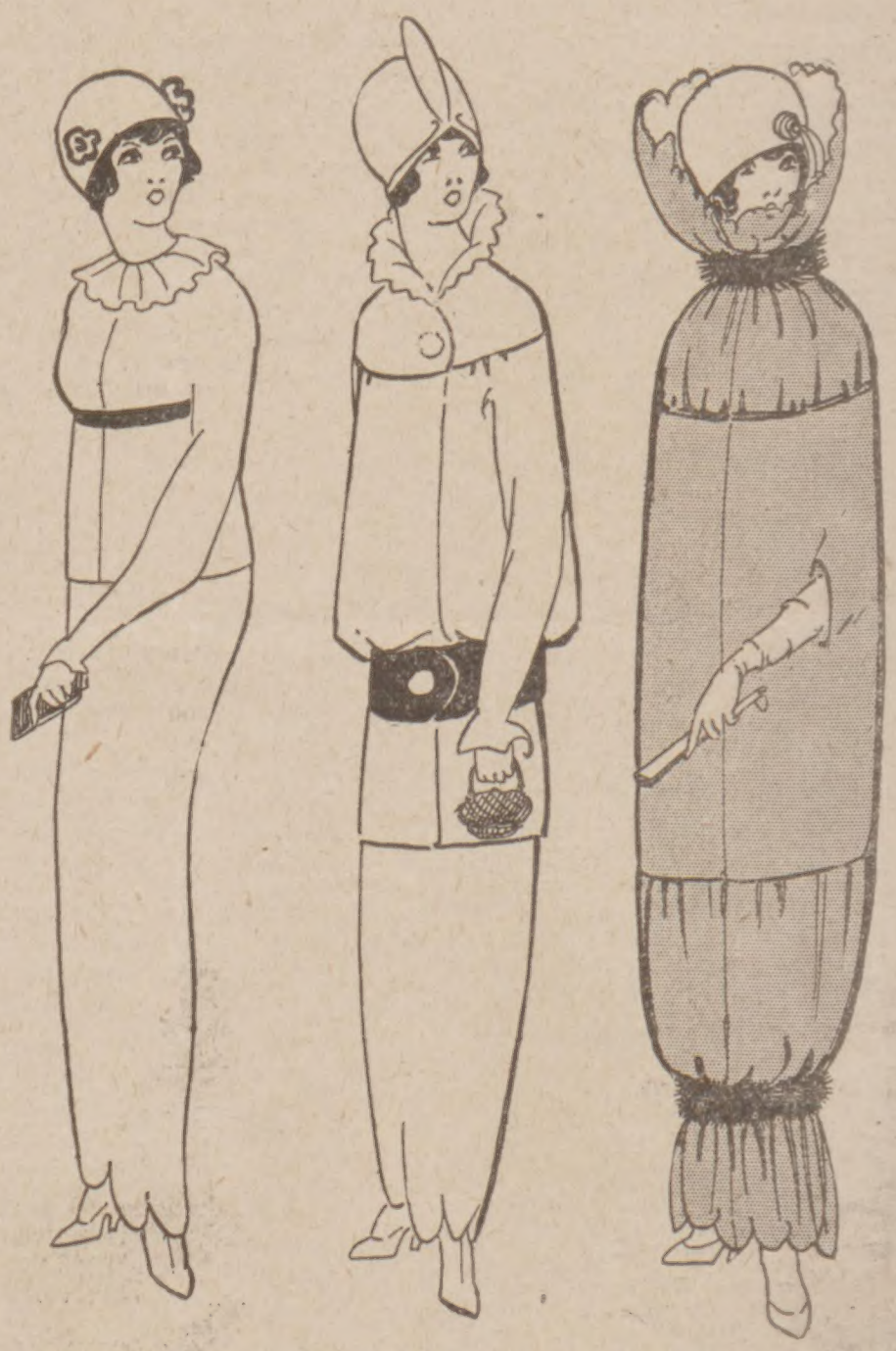
While touring in Sussex Mr. Lloyd George paid a visit to Battle Abbey and, on being informed that the place was only to be viewed on Tuesdays, replied, "But I am the Chancellor of the Exchequer." *Really* now!

* *

Father Bernard Vaughan is undoubtedly an excellent hand at recounting a good story. Apropos of his recent tour in the United States he tells how a great golfing [illegible] ance asked him if he had been in every State. "Well, not [illegible] the married state," he replied.

* *

This same lady, being married to her fourth husband, has put up to the memory of the first three an obelisk with



LAST YEAR. NOW. AT XMAS.

If the waist line descends further, and the collar ascends.

pointing heavenwards. Below was the inscription: "Up." Father Vaughan suggested that she had bettered the epitaph by adding, "One to go."

* * *

Pemberton Billington, the aviator, has been weathering a rather stiff matrimonial breeze, and if the trouble were some girl's ear-ring which chanced to come into possession of his wife?

* * *

Up from the country went to see "Joseph and His Coat." "Good Gracious!" she exclaimed, as Mrs. Pot-Bouille made her appearance, "Why she looks exactly like Ada Allan!" Fashions evidently didn't change in Bible days.

* * *

Is a certain member of the Cabinet known as "Puff-Puff"?

* * *

We aren't going to hear some real "spicy bits" in connection with a couple of the divorce cases down in the list?

* * *

Some of Georgie West's friends have been rippingly chaffing him about his divorce?

* * *

Lady Randolph Churchill, in spite of her great popularity in certain quarters, gets a bad half hour very often. Things aren't always as rosy as they appear?

* * *

A famous dancer's lovely house in a Northern suburb is to remain untenanted during her long absence from England, and that her country's Embassy will keep an eye on it by acting on instructions from the highest quarters. What instructions? Surely the police on their own initiative would do all that is necessary.

* * *

The Royal Wedding was not at all the stately function that Prince Arthur of Connaught's wide popularity led many people to suppose it would be. The Princess Royal was, as is known, greatly opposed to any unnecessary display and Her Royal Highness was strongly supported in this by the Queen, who was particularly anxious that no one but her own daughter should be, even for a day, "England's Princess."

* * *

A great many of the "Dinks" who have rented cottages at Maidenhead this summer are now to be seen [illegible] for work.

A somewhat curious example of the liberty which some modern women assume unto themselves is afforded by the unique state of things which exists in the family of a Colonel well known at Brighton, whose son has lately taken unto himself a wife. She is young and charming, and considered very attractive, but instead of living with her husband in his father's house, which is his house, she has rooms of her own, or "digs" as her friends call them, and she and her husband meet every day and go about together evidently on terms of the greatest affection. Hove and Brighton society find this a harder nut to crack than most. It certainly sets up a precedent.

* * *

Curry, we learn, is a very popular dish at West End restaurants. Naturally! The West End is the recognised place for hot stuff.

* * *

Mr. Charles E. Dawson declared the other day, at the London Salon of Photography, that there is no difference between one pair of eyes and another; it is the setting for those eyes that counts. Still, we *have* noticed that some eyes seem to be gladder than others, so perhaps Mr. Dawson was only trying to take a rise out of us all.

* * *

Women, says a leading firm of hatters, are now having their headgear marked with initials inside, like men's headgear. In future, therefore, if a woman sets her cap at you you will be able to gain a shrewd idea who she is.

* * *

Whether Lady Ida Sitwell will sleep well after the dressing-down given her by Mr. Justice Horridge in connection with her curious bill transaction with Miss Dobbs, of Streatham.

* * *

Perambulators are to be taxed at Spandau, a suburb of Berlin. Naturally the local mothers are up in arms against this exaction, and the authorities are receiving a regular rating.

* * *

What has the amorous old ex-Naval officer, who lives at Southsea, done with that special telescope he had made in order to get a good view of all the ladies as they came out of the bathing tent? Surely now that the bathing season is over things must be a bit dull. What?

"But, madam, won't you take off that cord from round your ankles?"
"No, no, young man, I know your little tricks. When you look at me through that machine I shall be upside down, and then what would happen?"

TABLOID TOPICS.

A sigh that raises a smile—The Ulster Ah me!

* * *

"How to get fat," promises an advt. We always buy ours at the butcher's.

* * *

Our attention is drawn to the "Cost of Dear Petrol." What price the cheap?

* * *

"Strike for an apology," declares a news headline. As a rule the apology comes after the strike.

* * *

"Coal in Bucks" catches the eye. A Phil Rayism for buckets, perhaps. We receive ours in sacks.

* * *

The owner of a horse that jumped into the back seat of a motor car at Coventry was fined £47. An expensive mount!

* * *

In York the highest civic honours have fallen upon a railway shunter. The result of good training, it may be assumed.

* * *

"Great Doctor's Hoax," shouts a placard. If this alludes to the sugar and water medicine dodge we may say that we have known of it for quite a long time.

* * *

"A prisoner whose second sight failed him at a pinch," says a news headline. Some criminals need no second sight. They do the "pinching" at the first time of asking.

* * *

The Yarmouth Education Committee are arranging for open-air class-rooms on the roof of a new school they are building. No doubt the scholars will come out on top.

* * *

"How Dairymaids are Trained," is a subject treated by a morning contemporary. In the Milky Whey, we presume, but there may be an udder method which has not a curd to us.

* * *

A new insect-house has been opened at the Zoo. It is to be hoped that the largest section has been devoted to a home for the bloated bug and the frisky flea. Branches at seaside resorts would be useful.

* * *

Dr. Hamilton Rice and companion-explorers who have been knocking about the Amazon and the Orinoco ate one meal of monkey per day. How was the monkey cooked? With a G'riller?

* * *

Mr. Herbert Smith, a Yorkshire lad tha knaaws, declares that miners in the shire of broad acres cannot work five days a week owing to the heat of the mines. Now we have captured the real origin of the phrase, "Hull, Hell, and Halifax!"

* * *

Some English, Scotch and Irish bakers have visited Paris, where they were banqueted and treated to speeches crowded with hoary-headed humour. The *Express* calls it "Baking the Entente Cordiale." It would have been more accurately described as "Toasting Antique Chestnuts."

* * *

"One man had to wait a year and nine months to get married because he could not find a house," declared a witness before the Housing Committee at Wycombe. Married men are not much better. We know of one who often has to wait until the morrow before he can find his own domicile.

* * *

The Kaiser is running a café at Potsdam, which, if you transpose the syllables, seems to be in agreement with the fitness of things. It must be a thrilling experience to watch the War Lord directing the slaughter of equines necessary to the production of that national horse d'œuvre, the sausage.

* * *

In the canton of Soleure, Switzerland, there has been established a community the members of which are designated "Night Worshippers" and are never seen in the daytime. There is nothing new under the sun, or—as in this case—the moon. Here, in this country, are thousands of people who are never seen in the daytime. But we don't make a shout about it.

* * *

According to a scientist it's a mistake to suppose that as winter approaches household flies leave this vale of bald heads for happier hunting grounds. They merely retire from active outside business and occupy residential chambers in attics and thatched roofs, where they lay eggs with a rapidity which the dilatory hen of commerce would do well to copy ova and ova again.

New Home for the Cup Final, says a post— For of us, sad to say, it's a cell.

* * *

Sir George Macalpine says money by itself is a very thing. But it isn't half common enough.

* * *

The Tooting Adult Sunday School meet in an old tuary. "Can't you hear the Spirits, tooting?"

* * *

Over 100 M.P.'s. who have been arrested by Pr Huerta are being carefully guarded. Evid[illegible] an escape of gas.

* * *

The prevailing colour for men this autumn will be grey. In the autumn a young man's fancy lightly t thoughts of dove.

* * *

Down with the Pheasant. Mr. Lloyd George's R for the Land Problem—*Express* headline. Surely an extravagant manure?

* * *

"Diluted Beer! Magistrate's desire for a st purity," says a news par headline. Some magistr quite good judges, after all.

* * *

Prince Arthur saw "Never Say Die" at the Apollo twice in three days. He, poor chap, had evidently no resigned himself to the married state.

* * *

"Magistrate Kissed in Court"—*Express* headline trust the wife of the stipendiary in question did not ears before reading the explanation which followed

* * *

No, the loud splashing noise in the Strand t'ou was not caused by the echo from restaurants where popular. An underground pipe had, we learn, burs

* * *

A bullock entered a clothing factory near Bury. Th sitive creature evidently thought he was in prudish but instead of giving him a pair of trousers the hard-h people shot him.

* * *

A new dance known as the "Lame Duck's Dance reached Paris and is now on the wing for London. probably an American variation (or pronunciation the old *pas de deux*.

* * *

Dr. Forward, the medical officer at Holloway Prison mercilessly flogged by three suffragettes with a sli The kind-hearted militants were, of course, only him a bit of their gruel.

* * *

Electric "spanking" machines have been [illegible] hum[illegible] in Western Virginia. Gilded young spa volt against authority will henceforth qui[illegible] are up against the current.

* * *

The latest feminine fashions have met with due They are being presented to an admiring public at as films. The dresses at any rate are screened, transpire with their wearers.

* * *

It is computed that of every thousand cats discarde unfeline people and received into the various [illegible] consigned to the lethal chamber. Requiescat which you will observe is dog-Latin.

* *

All motor-driven vehicles have been pro[illegible] confines of the city of Venice. It is understood action is due to the desire to prevent competition odours of which Venice makes a speciality.

* * *

A Paris greengrocer, who was in the habit of impart generous red colour to oranges by dipping them mahogany stain, has been fined fifty francs. Rather sive! It wouldn't have cost much more to paint the town red.

* * *

Belfast shopkeepers are displaying cushions impression of Sir Edward Carson in profile. thought. Sir Edward has been asking for a enough. Now, perhaps, somebody will be sit on him.

YES!—IF YOU LIKE!

WIT AND WISDOM.

for a woman to talk, but silence must be

* * *

apt to blockade the sidewalk; this makes the round.

* * *

p feeling sorry for a woman with an impedi- speech.

* * *

made in heaven because there is no need of e in the other place.

* * *

what we are going to say before saying what

* * *

shing how possession will decrease the value of

* * *

gets credit for being well informed just ple happen to ask him questions that he can

* * *

conceited youth gets married he feels sorry for r girls.

Matrimony is a bargain—and somebody gets the short end of every bargain.

* * *

The self-made man never quite gets the job finished.

* * *

The man who lives in the public eye must sometimes expect to be under the lash.

* * *

A man laughs at scars when a woman throws things at him.

* * *

A man will remember to his dying day the things he learned at college—unless he happened to learn them from books.

* * *

To some women a clear complexion seems to be of more consequence than a clear conscience.

* * *

Nearly every man is true to his first love—himself.

* * *

Many a woman can't remember what her husband said when he proposed, because she did the proposing.

* * *

A girl doesn't consider herself a full-fledged woman until she has knocked a corner off at least one man's heart.

IN STAGELAND.

May I ask, with most earnest emphasis, why the directors of a famous music-hall, occupying one of the most valuable sites in Europe, should be permitted to lease their premises to those unfortunate disorderly women of the W.S.P.U.? I have witnessed, in Piccadilly Circus, two of the most disgraceful scenes of the series that has become familiar to, and degraded, our Twentieth Century womanhood.

* * *

£20 is not a large sum, from the overflowing coffers of these women's organisation. An otherwise moderately respectable music-hall syndicate has been placed in a most compromising postion, to extricate itself from which the very greatest care and tact will be necessary—perhaps essential! Cannot the police pawn the Kingsway school for viragoes, lose the ticket, and lay out the ready on the needier victims of last week's ravages of sea, mine, and transport?

* *

TAKEN UNAWARES.

ONE OF OUR POPULAR VARIETY ARTISTS LOOKING FOR MATERIAL FOR A NEW SONG.

Madame Lydia Kyasht's new ballet, "Titania," founded, of course, on Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," is in my opinion the most beautiful ballet staged by the Empire in modern times. The whole gorgeous little production is redolent of Madame's own deliciously desirable personality. Miss Unity Moore is a delightful Puck, and Mons. Jomoff affords strong support with a curiously unusual and interesting method.

* * *

I believe Mme. Kyasht to be easily the most charming figure of all the Russian notabilities who have visited us of recent years. Let us not miss "Titania," for our beloved ballerina leaves us for an extended American tour shortly, and will not return to us until 1915. It is characteristic of Mme. Kyasht that, in spite of rehearsing for her American productions, and providing a veritable feast of beauty for the well-earned appreciation of Their Majesties at the Coliseum Gala Performance on the preceding Saturday, in addition to her usual routine, she was able to witness Mr. Clive Currie's Young Players' "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the beautiful little theatre attached to the Arts Centre, last Sunday night.

* * *

These talented and famous children, playing to a tightly packed house, seemed to have some extraordinary disadvantages to surmount which they succeeded in doing to a degree of success that reflected the very greatest possible credit upon them. I am informed that they will undertake a season this winter at a centrally situated London theatre. I hope they meet with unqualified success. Their refreshingly sweet and intellectual entertainment is a new and extraordinarily welcome feature of the modern stage.

* * *

In addition to Mr. Lawrence Grossmith and a most encouraging caste, Miss Shirley Kellogg, with "Hullo, Ragtime" honours fresh upon her, will play in "Are You There?" to be produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre on the 28th of this month.

* * *

Prince Arthur of Connaught went to see Mr. Charles Hawtrey's "Never Say Die" at the Apollo twice in three days. The first time he took the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Fife. On the second occasion he accompanied the Duke of Connaught and his sister, Princess Patricia. The house ing to capacity at every performance.

* * *

There are a few terrible productions labelled "[illegible]" that will very soon stamp out the craze altogether, at rate, as regards twice-nightly shows. All the later petrations seem to bear traces of having been hashed in a frenzied hurry to catch the fag-end of the dem Exit demand!

* * *

London Opinion tells us, with all the reserve of profound mystery which enshrouds the domestic detail Court procedure, that "one of the photographers by the Royal Family does not confine himself to work, but also runs a nigger minstrel troupe." hardly justified in referring to the Palladium Minstr a nigger minstrel troupe. Indeed, it is now said Royalty itself will decide to enjoy this immitable com tion of its own accord, as millions—yes, millions it is have already done. Of course, the reference is Eustace Gray's firm—a concern with a wonderful apart from its Royal patronage.

* * *

I don't know that English dramatists will deriv tremendous amount of satisfaction from a glance rou London theatres just now. Apart from the musi the most successful plays hail from other lands Hawtrey's "Never Say Die," a huge success, is American; "Oh, I say!" and "This Way, Mad adaptations from the French, as is also "The Real at the Garrick, a minor success; the revival of "Diplomacy" is still doing tremendous busines ham's Theatre, as is also the fine American play, the Law," at the [illegible] Theatre, [illegible] and score only "The Great Adventure," Brethren," and "The Ever Open Door," claim to being established successes, though, the "Hindle Wakes," which will have departed by the these lines are in print, might also be included. Wh our British dramatists going to show their mettle.

W.R.L.

SIR BEERBOHM TREE CONTEMPLATES JIMMY GLOVER'S NEW [illegible] IN THE HAYMARKET.

LA BARBARINA.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 25.

PRUSSIA'S ROYAL WOMAN-HATER, AND THE DANCER WHO MADE HIM HER SLAVE.

...pride of Frederick the Great of Prussia that no ...could seduce him from his devotion to his country and ...derful army. Frederick did not mind being called a ...ster; he gloried in it. When he went on a visit to ...Augustus of Poland, that artful monarch determined to ...ssian stoic to the test. Quite casually they took ...through the state apartments, talking about arms and ...ridor after corridor was traversed, until they both ...feel the need of a rest. The right moment having ...they passed into a charmingly-furnished and dimly-...boudoir, where, to King Frederick's astonishment, ...on a downy divan a beautiful girl with bewitching ...voluptuous outline. Dreamily and smilingly she ...on the intruders, for not so much as a fig-leaf hid her ...King Augustus allowed the Prussian Sovereign to ...the damsel for one moment, then silently winked his ...retired from the chamber, leaving King ...a clear field." But the plot failed. Frederick ...of the beauty on the divan pretty much as an ...would look at a lovely statue, then turned slowly ...heel, and followed the King of Poland into the next

...ity King.

...have said that it was the pursuit of virtue that led ...into such orgies of anger. Whatever the cause, he ...unamiable person, albeit a genius as a King. He ...modern Prussia, anyway. Perhaps it was the ...state of warfare which kept His Majesty's mind from ...upon softer things. He was, in any case, a hard, ...He suffered from fits of violent rage. Curses and ...from him hourly. When he took a walk, every ...fled from him, as if a tiger had broken loose from ...If he met a lady in the streets he gave her a ...told her to go and mind her brats. If he caught a ...at the soldiers, he told him to betake himself ...and often accompanied his advice with a drubbing ...rub the lesson home. Such a man naturally found ...bent for ferocity in his own palace. It was his ...to have as eldest son a young man of religious and ...temperament, and the Prince Royal was a sore trial to ...Frederick hated religion and books, and seemed ...delight in tormenting his son and heir.

...easant Personality.

...and monarchical genius though he was, Frederick ...easant personality. He was a tremendous "snuffer," ...who approached him invariably sneezed. He wore ...till they nearly fell from his back; one state dress ...his life; and no miser could have studied the ...economy more assiduously. He limited his diet to ...ounce, and never was a bottle of champagne ...without his express permission. Needless to say, he ...fidelity personified. All the game in the Royal ...farmed so carefully that the farmers invariably found ...ruined. As a young man he had his hobbies; women, ...were not among them. Monkeys took their place, and ...would remain alone with the ugly things, screaming ...at their funny tricks. But, like so many others, ...was "found out" at last. Much as he hated the ...ions, he fell from grace in the end, and the story ...world wondering. One human touch there had ...to the credit of Frederick the Great. He loved the theatre, founded the Italian Opera in Berlin, and spent thousands of pounds upon his hobby. All the greatest actresses of Europe and England were encouraged, and none appreciated them more whole-heartedly than did His Majesty. But he never allowed his admiration for a handsome ballet girl to betray him into an indiscretion. He scorned the idea of a *liaison*, and prided himself upon the inability of any woman to capture his heart. The army was his God, and not till he went on a visit to the King of Saxony, and was well out of his own dominions, was he found slack in his devotion to abstinence.

La Barbarina Refuses to Obey the King's Summons.

The Court of Saxony was then positively Eastern in its licentiousness. The King of Saxony kept a harem, and lived in a state of incestuous intercourse with one of his own daughters, the Countess Orzelska. The Countess was a ravishing beauty, and the daughter of a washerwoman of Warsaw. For a time the lovely Countess compelled the Prussian King to abandon his rôle of woman-hater, and so demoralised was Frederick that when the Saxon Court paid its return visit to Berlin Countess Orzelska accompanied it into Prussia, and Frederick remained her slave for a long time. Militarism and the theatre at last triumphed, and in 1740 he ascended the throne of his fathers. Having now unlimited funds, Frederick invited all the famous lights of the stage to Berlin. Among them was Monsieur Vestris, to whom he paid a salary of four thousand thalers, with another three thousand to his sister, and another thousand to a brother. One by one all the leading dancers and actors appeared before him, to the delight of his subjects as well as himself.

But there was one great public favourite who, though frequently invited, never came to Berlin. She was La Barbarina, the Pavlova of her day, of whom all the diplomats from foreign capitals brought stories of love and conquest. Frederick determined that his people should not be done out of the sight of the glorious dancer who had electrified the Londoners and Venetians, and he made her several very flattering offers. But still she tarried. At last Frederick decided that where money failed, might should conquer. So he resorted to the arts of diplomacy, and, by conveying threats to the Venetian monarch, eventually obtained La Barbarina's consent to an appearance in Berlin. A love-affair, however, was then obsessing the famous dancer's whole life, and in response to the appeal of her lover, she refused to ratify the contract. La Barbarina's lover was no other than a young Scottish laird of noble birth, Lord Stuart Mackenzie, and La Barbarina was completely in his toils, until a quarrel temporarily put her in the mood to obey the King of Prussia.

La Barbarina Discards Lord Stuart Mackenzie.

Lord Stuart Mackenzie no sooner heard of her project than he forgot the quarrel, and went down upon his knees, and implored La Barbarina to remain in Venice. And, with tears in her eyes, she consented, though it meant throwing away a small fortune. Besides, she had doubtless heard all about Frederick, and there wasn't much that was good to be heard of him! So she stayed in Venice, and when she failed to arrive in Prussia, Frederick was furious. He swore to have her at all costs, and that very night he sent an armed escort to Venice, with orders not to return without her. The Venetian Senate thought it wiser to let Frederick have his way, and within a few days La Barbarina was en route for the Prussian capital. Poor Lord Stuart Mackenzie was broken-hearted at the separa-

tion, but, dressed as a shepherd, he managed to follow the escort, and keep in touch with his inamorata until Prussia was reached. By means of his diplomatic influence, he got Count Dohna to forward a letter to Frederick, beseeching him not to rob him of his Barbarina. Frederick's reply was an order to the opera to prepare for the début of the dancer. Little did Frederick dream what he was doing at that moment. Up till then, whatever his secret peccadilloes, he had remained the hard, austere, all-conquering, Spartan man of "war and sinew," who despised outward show, abhorred "love," lived wisely, and kept "fit for anything."

Frederick the Great Leads the Cheers for La Barbarina.

It was on the 14th of May, 1744, that King Frederick and his Court found themselves at the Opera House in Berlin, eagerly awaiting the appearance of the woman who was to be the King's moral downfall. All Berlin knew the story of La Barbarina's escapades, her love-affair with Lord Stuart Mackenzie, and the way she had so often disappointed King Frederick. At last, in a moment of that silence which can be "felt," La Barbarina tripped on to the stage, light as air, and full of vivacity, with a saucy smile for the tyrant King, and a whirl full of grace and suppleness, as the band struck up a giddy tune. The response was spontaneous. The whole house rose with one accord, and the cheers were led by the King himself, who forgot his royal rôle in his enthusiasm for the brilliance of La Barbarina's pirouettings and beauty. The woman-hater within him vanished; the war-lord merged into the ardent lover; the conqueror of empires dissolved into the slave of a petticoat. When the show was over, King Frederick was so bereft that he would have asked La Barbarina to dine with him that very night, but an equerry gallantly risked offence by reminding the King of the part he had always desired to play.

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.

But La Barbarina had triumphed. Nothing could keep her away from King Frederick, because Love had subdued the animal within him. And the hour came when she at last dined at the Palace of Sans Souci at the right hand of the King, when she was no longer the dancer of the Royal Opera, but Queen in all but name, and the sharer of the Conqueror's heart and bed! Surrounded with every luxury, painted by all the great artists of Germany, La Barbarina's triumph was complete. King Frederick, for her sake, gave up the pose of a life-time; for her sake he even wrote poetry! Was there ever a more appalling descent from the sublime to the ridiculous!

For four years La Barbarina was as near as no matter Queen of Prussia. The Prussians worshipped her as if she were in actuality a Queen. Wherever the King went, she was by his side—at the opera, in the streets, at the reviews; even in the private discourses of the diplomats she was rarely absent. And what of poor Lord Stuart Mackenzie! In hiding in Berlin he daily wrote pathetic letters to La Barbarina, warning her of the doom that awaited her, and picturing the joylessness of her life when her reign was over. But La Barbarina, basking in the Royal smiles, had no thought for the lover of her less obscure days, and eventually he departed, and was never seen again.

La Barbarina Turns to Her Old Love for Pity.

But when the end came, and King Frederick had grown tired, it was to England, and to Scotland that she turned, in the hope that Lord Stuart Mackenzie's love was still warm. (So like a woman!) But the young Laird was either dead or married, for La Barbarina quickly returned to Berlin, where another young noble was pining away for love of her. Baron Coeceji was no milk-sop, however. One night, before La Barbarina had actually become the King's mistress, he was sitting at the opera beside a good-looking man at whom La Barbarina looked with some curiosity, and Baron Coeceji's jealousy was so great that he suddenly picked up the favoured one and hurled him upon the stage for La Barbarina to caress! King Frederick was present, and sent young Coeceji into exile for a time to sober him! It didn't do so, however. When, therefore, La Barbarina was, as it were, feeling neglected, it was to young Baron Coeceji that she turned, and not in vain. Promptly they went to the nearest church, and were made man and wife. The Baron's father was Chancellor of Prussia at the time, and in favour with the King. The Chancellor nearly died on the spot when he heard of his son's marriage, and the King, strange to say, sided with him. La Barbarina found her one and only marriage venture a very troublesome affair. Baron Coeceji was ordered to leave the country, and La Barbarina was arrested.

At this juncture La Barbarina decided to appeal to the King's clemency. She pointed out that she was about to become the mother of a little Prussian, and that she had acquired a mansion in Berlin, where she hoped to found a family worthy of the name she bore. This touched the heart of the war-lord of Prussia, who promptly brought La Barbarina's husband back to her side, and left them "living happily ever afterwards." When Frederick died, his successor created La Barbarina "Countess Campanini," and her name is revered in Prussia to this day for the good works of her old age.

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Modern Life, 25-10-13

DERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

...ky George Duncan was in being counted out in ... Championship, and so failing to qualify for ...ship proper, has been made very manifest dur... week or so. Following his victory in the Pro-Golfers' Association's Tournament at Walton Heath ...eek won the Open French Championship at Chan-

GEORGE DUNCAN.
WHO HAS WON THE "NEWS OF THE WORLD" TOURNAMENT AND FRENCH CHAMPIONSHIP ALL WITHIN ONE WEEK

...fields were thoroughly representative of the ...golf, with, of course, the exceptions that Harry ...Ted Ray were not in opposition to the Aber... is within measurable distance now of his ...mpionship. For a long time he has been ...on the heels of Vardon, Braid and Taylor, ...ould say, the superior of the two last-named. ...great as are his estimates of his own powers, ...eneration for Vardon. He looks upon him as ...different plane from the rest of the golfing ...he is not alone in the opinion. But for that ...nerve which gets jumping just when it is not ...Vardon's hand, there would be precious little ...ny of them, long-hitting Ted Ray, stolid ...calculating J. H. Taylor, or electrical George ...fter Vardon, however, I don't know a player ...her watch in a big match than Duncan. He ...s nerves up to eighteen holes, and is so ...nfident of what he can do that long before he ...his ball from the last shot he has made up ...at he is going to do next. So it is brassey or iron ...s the case may be, and Duncan walks up to the ...most without coming to a standstill he plays ...of the round with the utmost nonchalance. ...escription is the most attractive to watch and ...every man that the Aberdonian could impart ...temperament in a course of lessons there are ...hat he could never hope to teach.

TEMPERAMENT IN GOLF.

...nt in golf is such a tremendous asset; it ...s a man as a match or a medal player. Plenty ...go round a course with a card and do a good ...every time, but put them up against a difficult ...nd they are beaten to the world by an inferior ...the least little thing goes wrong with them. Now I rather fancy that an inferior man is more likely to beat Duncan than the best in the world, always excepting Harry Vardon.

Duncan dearly loves a bit of boxing, and is a pretty regular visitor to the National Sporting Club on Monday nights, and rarely misses a big night. He is a real man, and few professionals are better liked or respected by the rank and file of golf professors. Perhaps Duncan will win the open next year. Who knows!

NOT ANOTHER OUIMET.

On Monday night it looked as if Mr. H. D. Gillies, a Woking amateur, was going to emulate Ouimet and carry off the French championship, for he led the field at the end of the second round by a couple of strokes. But as is so often the case with amateurs he failed to stay the full course, and although he played quite well in patches on the second day he was not consistent enough, and had to put up with third place. Gillies is a well-known throat specialist and is by no means a second Ouimet, inasmuch as he is certainly far removed from a boy. Gillies has played quite well in big amateur events in the past, and has by no means reached the limit of possible improvement.

By the time these lines appear in print the American Ladies' Golf Championship will be finished, but at the moment of writing I only know that Miss Gladys Ravenscroft topped the qualifying round with 81, and Miss Dodd and Miss Chester, of Essex, tied for second place with 91. Miss Harrison, the ex-Irish champion, qualified for the match play stages all right, but she was well down the list with 107.

A LOSS TO RUGBY FOOTBALL.

Rugby football will be much the poorer by the resignation of Mr. R. J. Hodgson from the secretaryship of the Middlesex Rugby Union. For twenty-one long years "Snuffy," as he is known among his intimates, has laboured long and conscientiously for the game. He has been more than a trifle autocratic at times; has often failed to see eye to eye with the powers that be, but he was a personality, and was of more value to the game as a legislator than half-a-dozen of some committees. His successor has indeed a difficult work before him.

CUP-HUNTING AND RUGBY.

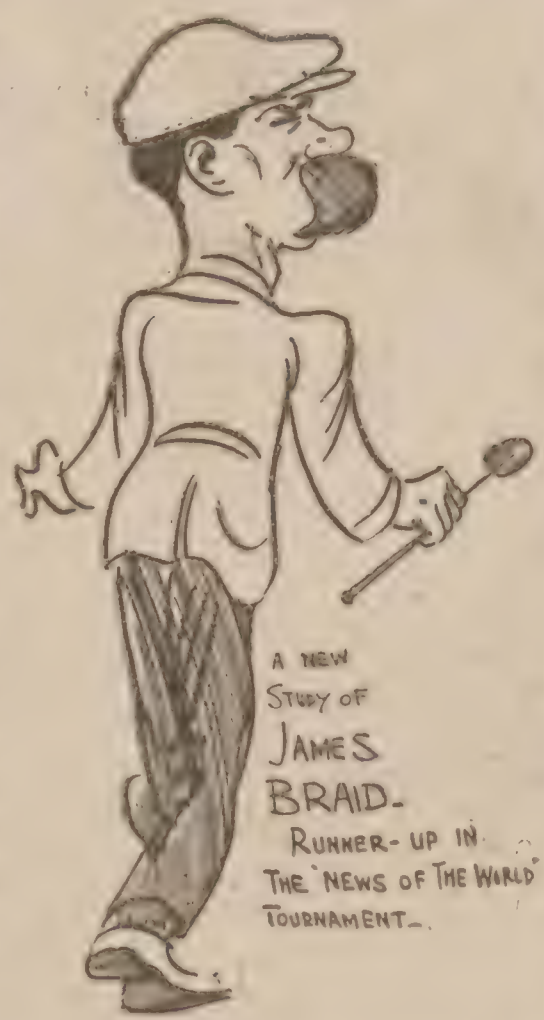
Some writers are tilting at the Welsh Rugby Union for instituting a cup competition. It is said that chivalry is often forgotten in these matches, and that gate money should be the last consideration with the clubs. Now the Welsh organisations have been badly hit by the increasing popularity of "soccer" football in the principality. The Welsh clubs are largely composed of working men, who are amateur enough to play the game for the pure love of sport, but who could not, an they would, afford travelling expenses, etc., and so the clubs want the gates, and view with alarm the fact that they are dwindling. In London it is quite a different matter. For the most part Rugger is played by the old public schoolboy, 'Varsity man or medical student, and gates are the last consideration, the public being so little studied that although in some cases provision is made for them, no trouble is taken to keep time in the matter of the kick-off.

Rugby, with its greater possibilities for a really vicious player, is, and always will be, a game for gentlemen; but the fact that there will be cup-ties in Wales should not be of much greater moment than the fact that the hospitals have a cup in London, and that 'Varsity fifteens play like

men possessed in their great match of the year. I have seen one or two things done at Queen's that were not according to the written or unwritten rules of Rugby football, but they happen in the excitement of the moment. All that will happen in Wales will be that referees will now and then have to give a player marching orders much in the same way as they do in the Northern Union Game.

AMONG THE LEAGUES.

Still Blackburn Rovers, Bury, and Swindon keep their positions at the head of the tables in League football. Swindon's record is an extraordinary one. In winning all their matches Swindon have not perhaps had to meet quite such powerful sides as Blackburn Rovers have opposed, but they have had fully as hard a task as Bury. What a drawing match the meeting of Swindon and the Rovers would be at the moment, before one of them gets their record damaged. I could see 30,000 people at Chelsea on a week day afternoon if the match could be arranged. The flitting part of the public who go where fancy calls each week like current form.



FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION FAVOURITISM.

So entirely are the officials of the F.A. dominated by the big leagues that the expression of indignation that League officials were not invited to the great banquet in London, which is to celebrate the jubilee of the Association, has led to all previous arrangements being cancelled, and the Leagues get their tickets. I wonder whether the Press arrangements have also been revised or whether the former few stalwart and trusty friends of the F.A. are to be the only guests in the Press seats. I think I could name the pressmen who will be there as guests on the fingers of my two hands. Kissing goes by favouritism in this matter. It is a bit of a scandal, but it does not matter a rap to the public.

THE ARSENAL AT HIGHBURY.

Since Woolwich Arsenal went to Highbury they have done so well that the future of the club is assured in that district. Already there have been tremendous crowds on the ground, although it is but half finished. What is the new name of the club to be—Finsbury Park, Highbury, Islington, or Norris's Boys—as a wag in a crowd suggested the other day. After the days of depression that have been experienced in Plumstead of late it is pleasant to congratulate the club on the dawn of brighter days.

THE SEARCH FOR NEW TALENT.

Representatives of the Senior League clubs are attending every match of importance (and otherwise) in the hope of securing fresh talent. The Tyneside district, a noted nursery of footballers, is swarming with them, and a comparitively small match in Newcastle was attended the other day by representatives from Aston Villa, Newcastle United, Liverpool and Exeter City.

The transfer system, which has been much criticised, has a champion in Mr. John Lewis. He declares that it 'seems almost a model arrangement. . . Players who prove themselves exceptionally proficient may benefit by their selling price to an even greater extent than those who, in the past have received hundreds of pounds in percentage; while the general body of players will have steady employment at something considerably better than a living wage. . ."

MILITARY OARSMEN.

The military four-oared rowing match between the Royal Engineers and the Royal Horse Artillery is to be revived this year, and will take place over the Henley course on October 29th. The last time the match was rowed was in 1911, when the Artillery won. On that occasion Gibbon was stroke to the Gunners, and behind him in that boat were E. W. H. Brooke, R. Benson and R. H. [illegible]. I believe the same crew will turn out again this year.

BOXING.

Georges Carpentier and Bombardier Wells are putting their hands in for their big clash in December. Carpentier beat the American, Jeff Smith, on points in Paris on Saturday, but had to go all out to do it. Wells meets Gunner Rice to-night (Monday) at the Liverpool Stadium. Wells has been having a bit of trouble with his hands, and it is doubtful whether he would risk injury by boxing to-night previous to his meeting with Carpentier.

THE CHIEL AMANG

OUR CODY FUND.

20,000 SHILLINGS WANTED FOR COL. CODY'S WIDOW.

May we once more request all those who have received Lists to make them up and return them to us at the moment. The Fund will be closed at the end of October, list of acknowledgments will appear in our next issue.

We are sorry that the Fund has not achieved the success we or that it should secure on its merits. We have been put to siderable expense in printing and circulating subscr but the result has been shockingly poor. Anyhow, we public by the neck and heels and shake them until the of their pockets. We have tried to persuade them to h an airman who has done splendid service to the country, killed "in harness," but the response has been insignificant

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An interesting feature of Mr H. Diamond's draw, which was attended by a represent *Life*, was the presence of Mr John J. Mc known ex-Inspector from Scotland Yard with the many Pressmen and members of witnessed the proceedings, expressed his with the honest and straightforward method the drawing. The £1,000 premier prize has ge Winston Churchill's constituency, Dund marmalade for the winner.

Plain Talk to Young Business Men.

Brains and business capacity may be level in two men, but if one of them is of insignificant appearance it is an immense handicap on his business career.

The Governor has two young men in his eye for promotion, both reliable, active, good style, and full of the details of the business.

Of the two, he rather fancies Brown, but, unfortunately, he is small of stature and puny. Smith is not quite so good an all-round man for the job, but he is a big, strong, manly fellow who can walk into any office or warehouse and command attention.

Five-foot-eleven and broad shoulders cannot be kept waiting as easily as five-six with a poor chest: Result is, the hearty chap gets home, even if he is not quite so brainy.

If you want promotion, put your whole heart into the business, forget the clock, wear neat clothes, and **do your best to have height, breadth, and good health to put into the clothes.**

I can do the latter for you. By means of my special exercises I have increased the height and breadth and materially benefited the general health of hundreds of students in all parts of the world, and I shall send any interested reader letters from them to prove my assertion, with the full names and addresses of the writers. Space is limited here, but the following are two of many similar testimonies to the efficacy of my methods :—

Miss E. L. (Muswell Hill), writes : "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in height."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes : "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

I do not ask you to make any drastic change in your diet, your smoking or your style of life, and all the time that you are required to devote to my exercises is ten minutes each morning and evening.

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STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Stock markets still seem to be going from bad to worse. There is not a good feature anywhere, and the latest collapse in Mexican Rails has thoroughly scared holders of this stock.

* * *

Readers will remember my repeated warnings to have nothing to do with Mexican Railway Stock until after the next Presidential Election, although the majority of financial writers have been recommending the stock.

* * *

It is quite possible that a dividend of 4 per cent. will be paid on the Ordinary as this Company divide up to the hilt every half year, but Mexico is in too revolutionary a state altogether to recommend any Mexican securities just now.

* * *

My remarks about rubber last week are borne out by the further substantial slump that has taken place in the price of nearly all the shares in this market.

* * *

Home Rails still remain in the doldrums, and the latest accident to the Midland train near Liverpool will not help matters.

* * *

At the very low prices now ruling such stocks as Brighton Ordinary, Great Central Pref., Great Northern Deferred, and South Eastern Deferred should be well worth picking up, although no substantial improvement in price may take place for some time.

* * *

There has been a wholesale clean out in Americans, and here prices should now have touched bottom, beside which I am inclined to think the recent depression has caused the establishment of a fair-sized bear account, so that we are likely to see prices in this market go better again, with Union Pacifics one of the most prominent in the advance.

* * *

The Oil Share Market has spent a very quiet week with very little change in prices.

* * *

Premier Pipes remain about 9s. with Shells slightly lower at 4⅞. On the other hand North Caucasian, which is allied to the Shell group, has been a very active market and the price of the shares has risen to 27s.

* * *

South African Mining shares have been firmer, but apart from the Diamond group prices fail to make much headway.

* * *

Chartereds monopolise most attention among Rhodesians, and they have been actively bid for at the lower price on the hopes arising from the new land scheme shortly to be unfolded.

* * *

There has been a good deal of speculative buying in Amalgamated Press Ordinary Shares, on the rumour which has again been revived of bonus shares being issued to the present holders, with the result that the shares which were standing at about 6¼ a month or two ago have now risen to £7 10s.

* * *

The company is well in a position to carry out such a proposition, but the scheme is not likely to go through unless Lord Northcliffe can be persuaded to fall in with the views of the other directors.

* * *

Central Omnibus shares have been actively bid for on the proposal that the Underground Group shall take over the whole concern instead of only paying a guaranteed dividend to the shareholders.

* * *

National Steam Cars rallied to 22s. on a traffic increase of £1,679 last week.

* * *

The new issue problem is again acute. The cheapest Colonial Government trustee security on record has gone begging.

* * *

Of the £3,500,000 of 4 per cents. offered by the New Zealand Government only £280,000 has been subscribed, the underwriters having to take the remaining £3,200,000 or 92 per cent. of the issue.

In these circumstances the underwriters of Col... in the Stock Exchange have put their heads toge... have decided to refuse to underwrite more of such issue... some time to come, in order to allow the glut ... already on underwriters' hands to find a perman... among investors.

* * *

GILT-EDGED INVESTMENTS.

My selections this week for Gilt-Edge Invest... follows:

Great Western Railway 5 per cent. G... 124½ yields £4 1s. per cent.

South Australian Government 4 per cent. ... yields £4 2s. per cent.

Port of London 3 per cent A Stock at 74 yields £4 ... per cent.

New Zealand Government 4 per cent. Loan at ... £4 2s. 6d. per cent.

* * *

Any reader wishing to buy or sell shar... municate with me for the name and address of ... of the Stock Exchange.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES

Leinster.—Galician Oil Trust Shares are a fair speculation. Pres... is about 5s. 3d. Oil Shale Development: present price is about ... these should be sold. American Marconis. ... price is about ... these are very speculative, and a profit ... possible. Patent Tyre Deferred.—This is a ... Tyre Co. The present price is about 10s. They get ... ordinary shares, which rank in front of them, have arrears ... on them. There does not seem much reason for holding the... think they should be realised on any advance.

French (Shepherd's Bush).—These people are offering another lot ... shares now, and before sending your papers back I will make ... enquiries regarding this latest venture.

S.R. (North Wales).—Do not have anything to do with the ol... you mention. If you want to buy shares in this market the ... Shells, Mexican Eagle, Spies, or North Caucasian.

F.H. (Rickmansworth).—As your rumour ... show you a profit, I think it would be best to sell now.

Investor (Bristol).—Thanks for your lette... notes about rubber just in time, as the shares ... dropped two or three shillings.

King (Chislehurst).—You may not see much improvement ... of Railway Stock for a while, but you cannot go far wrong by ... your money in rails at present prices.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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Develop Your Will-Power, Concentration, and ... St. Settef Course." *Modern Life* says: "We ... mend this admirable system." Complete ... lessons), 2s. 6d. Particulars free. The St. ... (Dept. M), Perth, N.B.

RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

who has proved such a gold mine to Mr. Sol Joel, ly finished his racing career. He will be left in idgeshire Stakes, but before backing him my ll do well to wait and see if his owner decides e French-bred son of Rabelais in training for the the Newmarket Houghton meeting.

this week takes place at Leicester, on Monday; nd Newcastle, Tuesday and Wednesday; San- Thursday and Friday; Saturday's meetings being Park and Stockton. Saturday's sport at the ture is under N.H. rules

ing at Sandown should be a very successful one. ay the Orleans Nursery is down for decision, and eptance of thirty-four we are assured of a good- Sunny Land can shoulder the top weight, and his Kempton running (second to By George!) pper has correctly weighed up his merits. Rose- an at Kempton, finishing fourth to Lancelot, with pa and Symrex in the rear. As Mr. Hallick's meets his Kempton opponents on more favourable he should again prove best. Mount William ourite for the Suffolk Nursery at headquarters , but did not act up to expectations. His pre- however, gives him a good chance here. hails from an establishment usually dangerous s of event, but as she has won two of her last , Mr. F. Stern's filly has gone near the top of and I prefer others upon this occasion. Rock- treated on his best form and should run well. to carry Rawal Pindi has not been overburd- this course in August Mr Hartigan's Cicero colt running Armant to two lengths with Hesperia behind. As the last mentioned is not allowed the beating I shall expect Rawal Pindi to be Bugler Boy was an easy winner at Not- he has nearly two stone more to carry now, expect the winner to spring from elsewhere. Noise filly cost 800 guineas after winning a re in July. As she is a bit above plating class oon credit her owner with a little race. King's a stable companion to the top weight, and at s on Wednesday he was only beaten a head by mart youngster, Siller. This performance must ugh's charge a good chance here. The Foxhill inson, has four entered in Elgon, White Pro- and Spoilt Boy. The last-named did badly at and of the others I prefer Pictor. Her Lady- rded as a smart filly by her connections and her Irish owner with a race before the season Woodwild is considered a likely winner the is slipped. Divine is useful in her class, but is on something better than she has been meeting ree races. Of the remaining entries I like Stage ner at Folkestone in June) and Nonnette. The speedy, but her trainer has had some difficulty to his liking. If started here, however, she is e the danger to my selection,

RAWAL PINDI.

tsheaf Handicap will be competed for by some ls on the second day of the Esher fixture. ed for this event must have finished first, rd during their career. Adam Bede was well ndsor recently but would do nothing in the a good horse when inclined to do his best. ommenced the season with a couple of victories, t been seen in public since running unplaced at e here. Eton Boy is to undergo a course of has been placed under the care of H. Randall, I do not expect him to run here. Romeo sy winner at Windsor that he is likely to carry nd penalty to victory, and I prefer him to Mr. andidate, Grey Barbarian, whose only victory owever, was gained at the July meeting here longs. Short Grass is another penalised horse, ers better. Newmarket goes best in Maher's the crack jockey will not be able to do the shall look elsewhere for the probable winner. roving and is likely to catch the judge's eye on ends. Ermine is now at his best, and at Whimsey to a neck, with a useful field behind, am and Chanteur. Vinilla is useful, and has ast races in good style. Of the other likely er Pictavia and Miss Bay. The former was en by Halifax at Doncaster, and goes well for a light-weight. Miss Bay was backed at Wolverhampton, and is likely to improve upon her running then. For the probable winner I shall select

ROMEO,

and if absent should substitute Ermine.

My other selections are:—

LEICESTER—Monday.

October Nursery: Double A filly.
Atherstone Plate: Sour Plum.

GATWICK—Tuesday.

Willow Handicap: Sir Max.
Crawter Nursery: Woodwild.

Wednesday.

Bridge Handicap: Anacarty.
County Nursery: The Ant.

NEWCASTLE—Tuesday.

Autumn Handicap: Khedive III.
Gosforth Nursery: Smeaton Lady.

Wednesday.

Northumberland Handicap: Oiseau Bleu.
Astley Nursery: Sands o' Dee.

SANDOWN—Thursday.

Temple Handicap: Panasine.

Friday.

Hook Plate: Ascenseur.
Malden Handicap: Simon's Gift.

Saturday.

Norbiton Handicap Hurdle: Tweedledum.
Busbridge Steeplechase: Tenbury.

NO ENTRANCE FEE, OPEN TO ALL.

It is a gratifying feature of our Football Forecasts Competitions that ladies as well as men are sending in coupons. There is no reason why a lady should not be successful in securing our

Big Pension Prize

which for the third competition has been increased to

£4

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YOU CAN SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE

and they must reach our offices not later than first post on Friday, Oct. 31st.

FOR COUPONS & CONDITIONS SEE BACK PAGE.

DIAMOND'S CESAREWITCH DRAW

Most dreaded detective supervises Cesarewitch drawing and certifies its fairness.

We, the undersigned, being independent representatives of English newspapers, acting as a committee jointly with drawers of the special tickets in H. Diamond's Leger Sweep which entitled them to a week's free holiday in Lucerne, and wh also gave them the opportunity of attending this drawing for the Cesarewitch Sweep, hereby solemnly declare and certify t we have no personal interest in this undertaking beyond seeing that the drawing is honestly and fairly conducted, and we h no relationship whatever with Mr. H. Diamond or any of his employees.

We hereby further declare that the drawing was perfectly honest and straightforward, and was controlled entirely ourselves. The system adopted closely follows the lines of the great state drawings. The strictest supervision was observed, any attempt at dishonesty on the part of any person present would instantly have been detected by the remainder of committee, and of course promptly denounced. Previous to the drawing the promoter of the sweep briefly addressed emphasizing the fact that we were not there to look after his interests or consider him in any way, but to see that ev person who had paid for a ticket had a straight run for his money. Many of us visited the offices three days before drawing, and saw the staff at work, and were satisfied that a very large business is being carried on in a straightforw and systematic manner.

JOHN J. McCARTHY, Ex-detective Inspector, 13, Warwick Crescent, London, W. (Twenty years in the C.I.D. Metropolitan Police Force.)
SPECIAL COMMISSIONER representing "JOHN BULL," London.
G. D. MAGIN, Director, "MODERN LIFE," London.
H. FREEMAN, Special Representative of the "MIRROR OF LIFE AND BOXING WORLD," London.
H. HEWITT GRIFFIN, Journalist and Statistician, Putney, London, S.W.
J. WOOLLARD, Chestnut House, Acton, London, W. (Winner of the Thames one mile championship, 1903, promoted by the Acton Swimming Club, and also holder of silver cup and seven medals for swimming).
THOMAS HENRY FIELD, 66, West Bank, Cwmtillery, Mon. (Bisley gold medallist, and holder of seven gold medals for marksmanship).
HARRY MARTIN, 460, Alum Rock Rd., Birmingham.
GEO. G. TURNER, 6, Porchester Rd., Bayswater, W.
A. LONG, 38, Nevill Rd., Stoke Newington, London, N.
W. C. IVALL, 32, Gaynor Rd., Hampstead, London, N.W.
WM. RUDLAND, Brettenham Corner, Nr. Thetford, Norfolk.
GEORGE LANHAM, 61, Duke Rd., Chiswick, London, W.
A. H. THOMPSON, 15, Station St., Blaengarw, Nr. Bridgend, Glam.
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H. ASHRAF, 83, Bangalore St., Putney, London, S.W.
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A. COSIER YOUNG, Queen St., Chipperfield, King's Langley, Herts.

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F. Klarer
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"John Bull" said February 1st:—
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HE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

d attack of lumbago, the result of the cold morning g carried too far into October, suggests to me a piece e regarding the cut of trousers.

* * *

trousers are cut practically square at top, and some re cut higher at back than in front. The former good for summer, for tennis, for boating, etc., but er is best for winter. The small of the back is a ble point, and the trousers carried from the side well up the back are comfortable and safe.

* * *

ot, however, let your tailor overdo the extension— minds me of the old story of the man complaining trousers did not fit. "What do you complain of, Well, they are too tight under the arms," said the complainant.

* * *

soft felt hats, referred to in last week's issue, I have point to mention.

of these are made with an inside rim of a mercerised material instead of the usual leather. This may save maker a few pence, but it is a bad hat to buy. Most some oil pomade or brilliantine, and this soaks the cotton band lining at once, causing oil stains ruin the appearance of the hat in a very few days. ying a soft felt hat see that there is a leather band nside.

* * *

men are troubled with cold feet, sometimes arising fective circulation, sometimes from other causes, as farmer pointed out when his doctor asked him if troubled with cold feet and he replied "Yes, sor, ut they're not my own."

* * *

old feet *per se* I can, from experience, give a few Wear thick woollen socks, but loosely knitted; the oollen sock does not give warmth. Also, when in the of washing, the loosely knitted socks become felty, as ost inevitably do in the hands of the 1913 laundress, them. Money, in moderation, is no object if cold feet made warm.

* * *

oint for the cold-foot man is to wear spats. These e ankles and give wonderful warmth to the feet. gone by people used to wear woollen coverings for s called mittens or pulse protectors. These kept s warm, and the same effect is produced on the feet ing warmly the ankles.

* * *

, if any reader is troubled with cold feet, but is by the fact that somebody wrote in a daily paper ts were hopelessly out of date, then let him wear

* * *

should be made of a thick soft and warm woollen fitting the legs from just below the knee to top fastening with buttons, and worn underneath the not on top, as leather leggings are worn.

* * *

sult of this is you are wearing leggings, and getting th of leggings, but no one knows you are wearing d naturally this is a point for the business man.

* * *

ucester correspondent writes that he is about to get that on this auspicious occasion he will wear a dark unge suit, and asks advice as to gloves, etc., and or any other advice on etiquette, etc., for such an

* * *

ed by post, suggesting a change from a lounge suit to ng coat suit, as I think the solemn occasion of the of troth for life demands more ceremonial attire every-day lounge coat.

mmend him a pair of suede gloves, which should dence, that is, carried, not actually worn. A lavender- tie and a button-hole would complete the *ensemble*.

* * *

etiquette for the occasion," I fear I am rather out ing an unmarried man, but I would make one sug- to any bridegroom, and that is not to get confused dentity of persons present and kiss a good-looking id instead of the bride. Such a mistake might lead

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Your Boys will be delighted with a Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. ***Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables*** give a perfect game—so truly are they proportioned. Prices from £3/7/6. The **6**ft. **4**ft. size at **£5/5/0** is suitable for most rooms. Riley's Combine Billiard and Dining Tables from £13/10/0. Cash or Easy Payments. Prices include all accessories and seven days' free trial. ***FREE on receipt of postcard, full detailed Illustrated Catalogue.***

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OUR GREAT OFFER! £4 a week for LIFE.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN IT.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, November 1st, and for the first prize of £4 a week you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given on the coupon we will award £4 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, November 1st. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 3 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, October 31st. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £4 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 3.

Matches to be played on Saturday, November. 1st. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BOLTON WANDERERS	v. SHEFFIELD UNITED.
CHELSEA	v. MIDDLESBROUGH.
EVERTON	v. BRADFORD CITY.
OLDHAM ATHLETIC	v. ASTON VILLA.
SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY	v. DERBY COUNTY.
WEST BROMWICH ALBION	v. MANCHESTER CITY.
SUNDERLAND	v. BLACKBURN R.
BRADFORD	v. LEICESTER F.
BRISTOL CITY	v. HUDDERSFIELD.
CLAPTON O.	v. BARNSLEY.
GLOSSOP	v. HULL.
LEEDS CITY	v. BURY.
STOCKPORT	v. WOLVERHAMPTON W.
WOOLWICH ARSENAL	v. NOTTS FOREST.
BRIGHTON	v. MILLWALL.
CRYSTAL PALACE	v. PLYMOUTH A.
NORWICH	v. BRISTOL ROVERS.
READING	v. SOUTHAMPTON.
WATFORD	v. MERTHYR TOWN.
GILLINGHAM	v. SWINDON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address .....

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From the moment when you put it on you begin to feel the Magnetic Power bracing you up, and your body absorbs naturally and freely the Magnetism which it contains. Think of the joy of being free of pain, from being strong and vigorous, of being brimful of life, courage, and vitality! Then read my simple, straightforward and honest offer I make you below. Write for coupon below. Don't stay weak and depressed. Write to-day and begin to feel its marvellous powers building up your strength every hour that you wear it.

The weak can now be made Strong. The anguish of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica can be speedily and permanently banished; Weak Nerves can be built up and made strong; Blushing, Wandering can be cured, so can Involuntary Blushing, Lack of Will-Power can be regained and the whole human body can be rebuilt and revitalised by means of my marvellous Magneto Belt.

People who were crippled with pain, well-nigh crazy with depression, down-hearted, ambitionless, weak-spirited, weak-willed, and miserable, have now been changed into strong, healthy and vigorous, courageous men and women; healthy and happy, restored to New Life, simply by wearing my MAGNETO BELT. I want every man or woman lacking in health, strength, and vitality to test my "New-Life" MAGNETO BELT.

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I want you to test the Belt first by actually wearing it, so I say to you send me 1s. only, and I will send you the Belt by return of post.

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I am here ready and willing to show you my Belt, and demonstrate its Magnetic powers to you. If you cannot call then write to me. Remember that my Magneto Belt is Nature's remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous troubles, Mind-Wandering, Loss of Will-Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of Similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does not this show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

POST TO-DAY

"NEW LIFE." **COUPON.**

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Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurement, pin coupon to it, and post it to me at once.

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Size of Waist ..... inches.

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